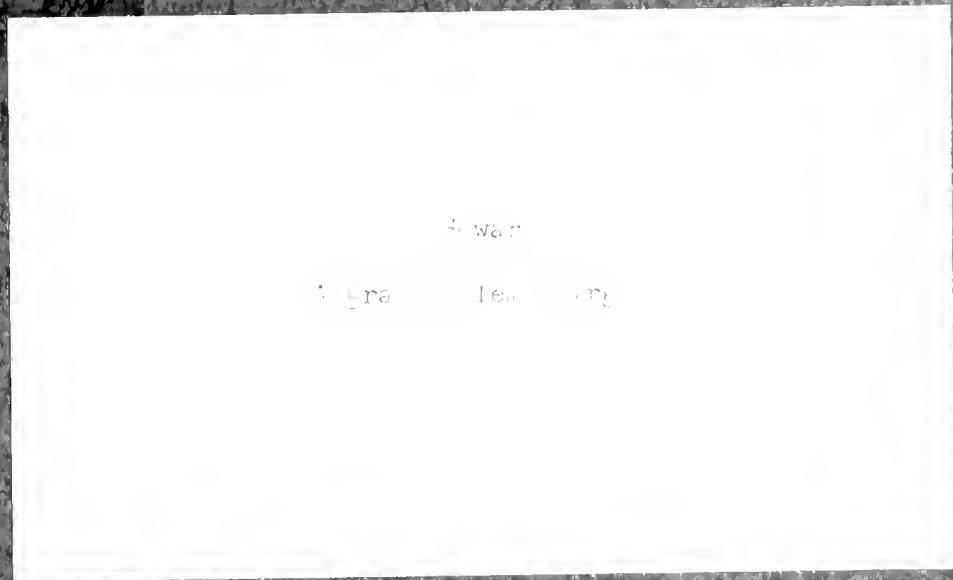


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FREDERIC THOMAS BLANCHARD
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DEDICATED TO THE GLORIOUS SIXTY-FIVE,
A

Grand Solemn Dirge,

IN THE

High Burlesque Tragi-comic Taste,

Performed at the F U N E R A L

O F

OLD ENGLISH LIBERTY,

On the SAME DAY as

The Definitive Treaty of Peace

WAS SIGNED BETWIXT

France, Spain, and Great-Britain.

By H. H O W A R D.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold by J. WILLIAMS, opposite *St. Dunstons*
Church, *Fleet-Street.* MDCCLXIII,



A
GRAND SOLEMN DIRGE,
IN THE
High Burlesque Tragi-comic Taste.

FIRST RECITATIVE.

By Mr. Bawldon, To the Bladder and String.



ANCEFORTH no *English* Brow shall smile,
She's gone ! --- The Darling of our Isle !
Struck to the Heart ;
With Grief and Smart ;
Woe ! Woe !
Ah ! Oh !
Weep, wail !
Cry, rail !
Rave, swear,
Stamp, stare !
Nothing remains, but black Despair !

A I R.

By Mr. Black-Beard, the Black-Smith, To the Anvil and Hammer.

(Tune, By the Side of a great Kitchen Fire.)

When the Tax on the Porter was laid,
I thought they had something in View
Some Scheme on our Strength and our Trade,
For since I've had nothing to do ;
Each Night I could call for my Quart,
For *Thrums* have a Tankard of Porter,
But the *Halfpenny* breaks my poor Heart,
And the Beer is no better than Water.

D U E T T A.

By Miss Rent and Miss Shriller, (Two Milk Girls)

To the Rattling of their Pails.

(Tune, The Attic Fire.)

Come all ye brave that fought and bled,
Your darling Liberty is dead,
By cruel Hands she fell ;
The lovely Fair, alas ! no more
Shall smile on poor *Britannia's* Shore ;---
O Grief too great to tell !

R E C I T A T I V E.

By Mr. Wals-p, Stinger and Singer, To the Drone of a B-c-pipe.

Pox take 'em, for their damn'd Ill-nature,
I'll *sting* 'em home, with *stinging* Satire.

A I R. (*Accompanied with the Tongs and Fire-Shovel.*)

(Tune, *Britons, strike home.*)

Britons, sneak home,
Sneak home,
Sneak home,

Your Liberty's gone,
Hark! Hark to her Knell!
Hark! Hark to her Knell!

Da Capo.

Ding, Dong, Bell.

D U E T T A.

By Messrs. Savage and Mad-Ox, Butchers, To the Marrow-bones and Cleavers.

(Tune, *As I was a driving my Waggon one Day.*)

The Devil take all their damn'd scheming, I say,
They've murder'd poor Liberty --- Rot 'em, I pray;
They *butcher'd* her vilely, and *mangled* her fore,
And made themselves drunk with the poor Creature's Gore.

C H O R U S.

Ah, poor Liberty! Old *English* Liberty!
Genius of *England*, adieu!

R E C I T A T I V E and A I R.

*By Mr. Shamplefs, the Trunk-Maker, To the Rumbling of Carts,
Coaches, and Broad-wheel Waggon.*

Oh! I could tear their Houses down;
Aye that I would for Half a Crown;
I'd make 'em start, and stare, and wonder,
To hear my *Stentorific* Thunder!

A I R.

(Tune, Cover me with Ice and Snow.)

Ah it is a fatal Blow,
And a dismal Overthrow;
Never was a Scene of Woe,
Like what we undergo.

D U E T T A.

By Mr. Shagger, and Miss Put-here, Quearists.

(Accompanied by the Hurdy-Gurdy.)

(Tune, In Infancy our Hopes, &c.)

When fair Success began to smile,
And spread her chearing Rays;
Each Hero wou'd not the Spoil,
But fought in Hopes of Bays:
Yet Victory was all in vain,
('Twas just like Childrens' Play)
The S--t--h Friends of *France* and *Spain*,
Have giv'n it all away.

R E C I T A T I V E.

By Mr. Low, *the High-wayman.* *

(*Accompanied with the Clinking of Fetters.*)

Shall Villains kill or rob in State,
And fordid seek their Country's Fate,
Because forsooth they're rich and great? }
While such as I are hang'd in Air,
For *only* putting Folks in Fear!

A I R.

(Tune, *Since Laws were made for ev'ry Degree.*)

If Rascals were punish'd of ev'ry Degree,
For robbing their Country, or taking a Fee,
What a Heap of S----h Faces we daily should see,
Under Tyburn Tree?

But *Favour* can take out the Stain from a Coat,
E'en the Blood of a King who was sold for a Groat;
For *that* they will say was a trifling Fault; ---
But d----n their Plea.

* *Macheath.*

C

R E -

R E C I T A T I V E.

By Mrs. Vixen-t, (*Termagant.*)

To the Clack of a Mill.

Like to the Clack of this same Mill,
They ne'er shall make my Tongue lye still ;
May Rage and Clamour never cease
To make a *Noise* about the *Peace*.

A I R.

(Tune, *Harvest-Home.*)

(Come *Nelly* and *Moll*,
Come *Susan* and *Doll*,
Each *Termagant* raise up your Voice :
Let us rave, let us squall,
Let us bellow and bawl,
And make a most damnable Noise.

C H O R U S.

No *Peace* shall there be,
For them nor for me,
So let's have a *damnable Noise* !
Damnable Noise !
Damnable Noise !
So let's have a *damnable Noise* !

R E C I -

R E C I T A T I V E.

By Mr. Quaker, the singing Baker, and Mr. Legg-it.

By all the Gods I'll make 'em *shake*!
Their Lips to *quaver* and to *quake*!
I'll shew myself a Subject true:
Ha, Master *Legg-it*, What say you?

Mr. Legg-it.

As long as I've a *Leg* to stand on,
I never will the Cause abandon.

A M B O.

(Tune, *With Swords on their Thighs.*)

To Liberty raise up the high chearful Strain,
We ne'er can forget, tho' we can't her regain,
How charming she look'd with her Shield and her Spear!
A Friend to the Stranger, a Stranger to Fear.

Da Capo.



R E C I T A T I V E.

RECITATIVE and AIR.

By Miss Cat-ly, and Miss Squallam.

(Accompanied by the Cat-Organ,)

Ye *catterwauling* Tribe each Night,
Disturb their Slumber, wake 'em quite :
Your *Bafe* and *Treble* Pipes prepare,
And harrow up their Souls with Fear.

A I R.

(Tune, Mingetti's Minuet.)

Straight with bawling !
Squealing, squalling !
Ne'er your hellish Music cease :
With eternal
Strains infernal !
Tell 'em they shall have no *Peace*.

Da Capo.

GRAND CHORUS, *accompanied by the whole Band.*

No *Peace* shall there be,
For them nor for me,
So let's have a damnable Noise :
Damnable Noise !
Damnable Noise !
So let's have a damnable Noise.

Da Capo.

FINIS.

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